NON CLAMOR SED AMOR
NINETY FIVE
TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE

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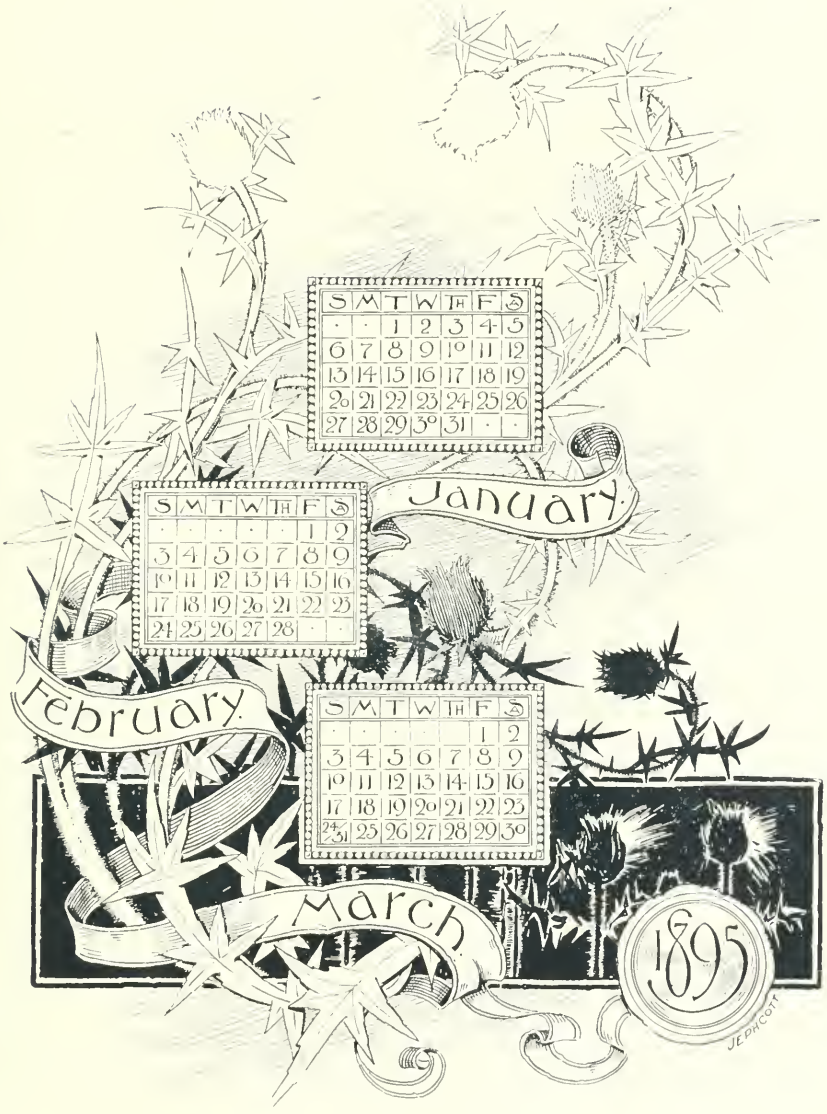
NINETY-FIVE

A CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXCV WITH SOME SELECTIONS FROM CANADIAN WRITERS AND DRAWINGS BY MEMBERS OF THE TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE

DESIGNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE 75 ADELAIDE STREET E. TORONTO CANADA

THE dry
dead leaves
flit by
with their
weird tunes,
Like
failing
murmurs
of some
conquered creed,
Graven
in
mystic markings
with
strange runes,
That none but stars
and
biting winds
may read.

A. LAMPMAN


January.
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February.
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March.
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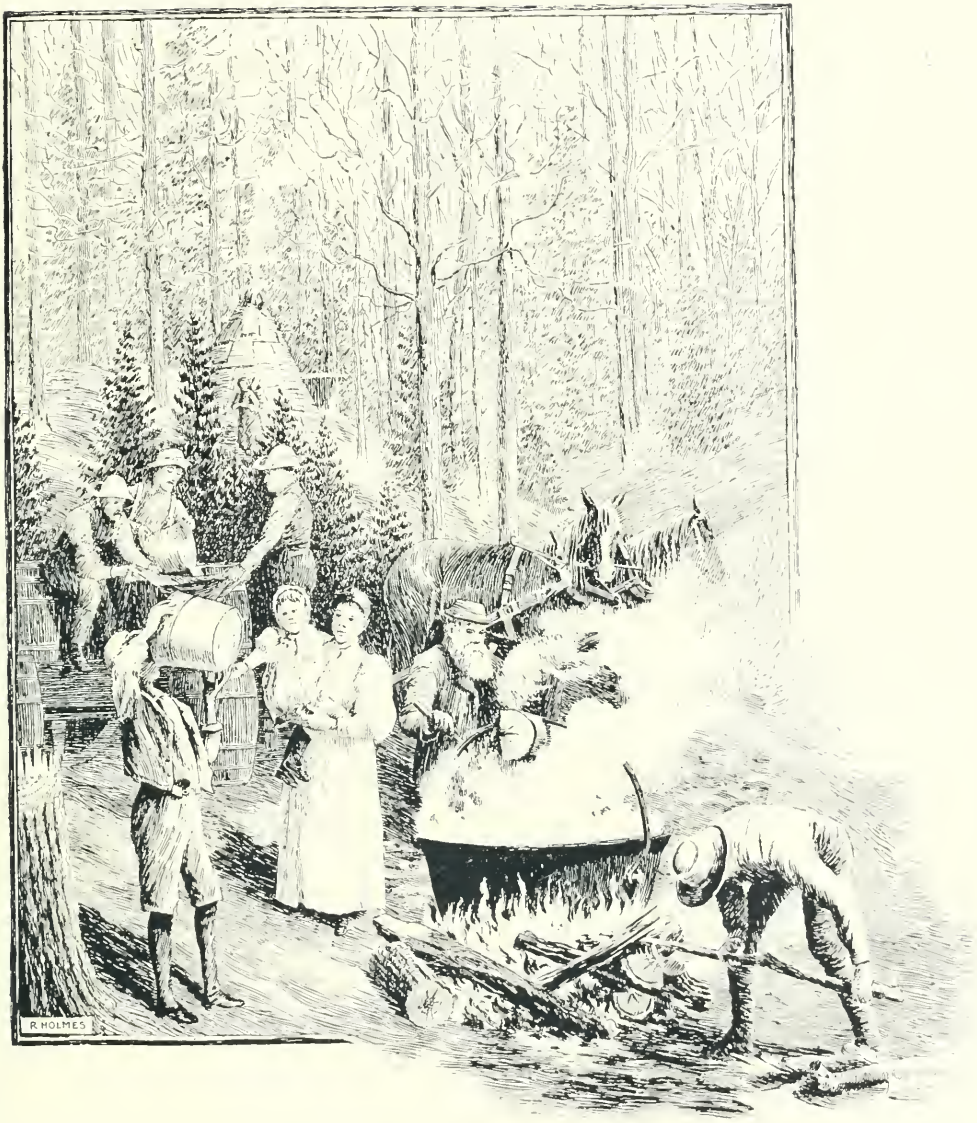
31
1895
J.E.PINCOTT

TAKING A NIP

COAL MINERS NOVA SCOTIA

IN reawakened courses
The brooks rejoiced the land:
We dreamed the Spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long desired persuasion
Of April's soft command.

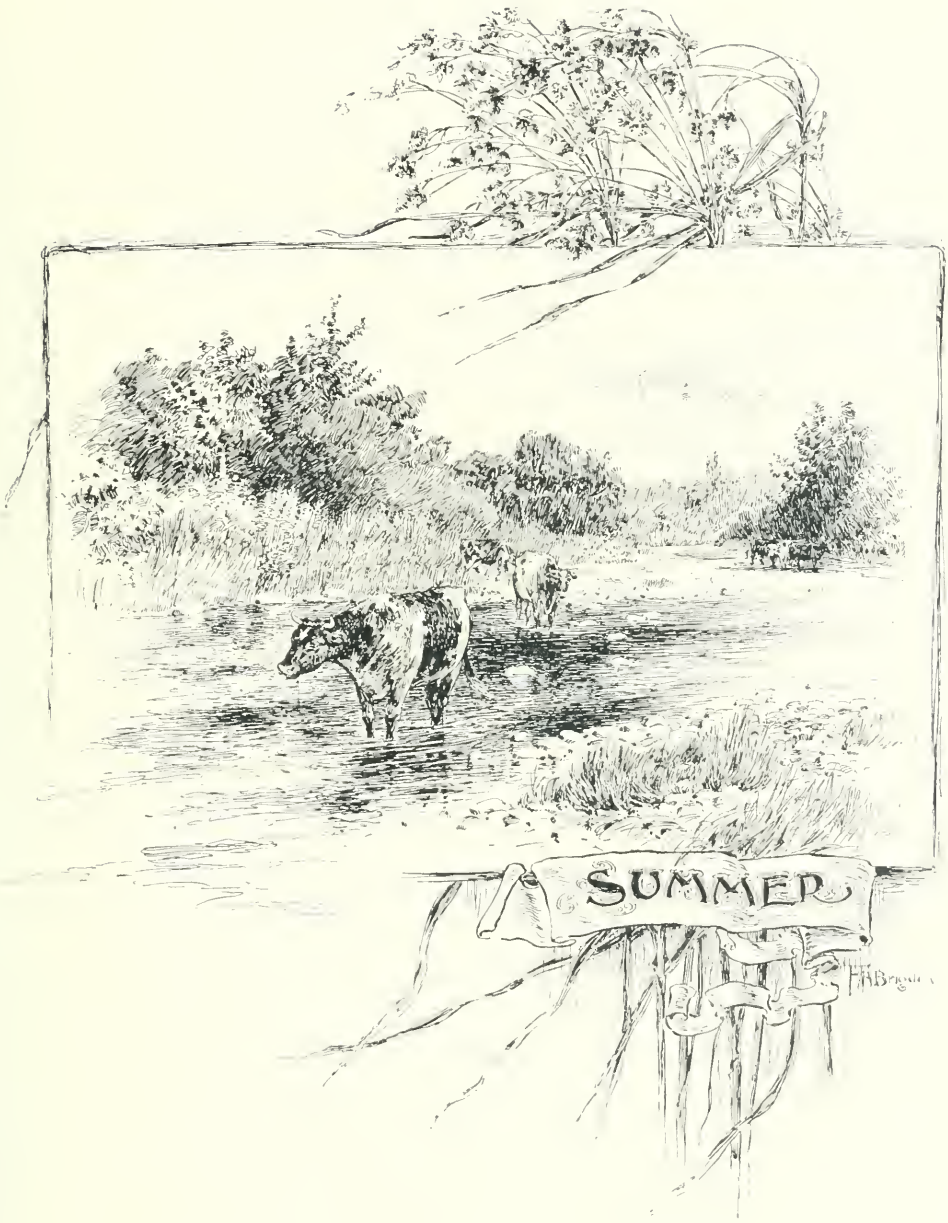
CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS


R. HOLMES

To-night
the west o'erbrims
with warmest dyes,
Its chalice overflows
with pools
of purple
coloring the skies,
Aflood with gold and rose,
And some hot soul
seems throbbing
close to mine,
As sinks the sun
within
that world of wine.

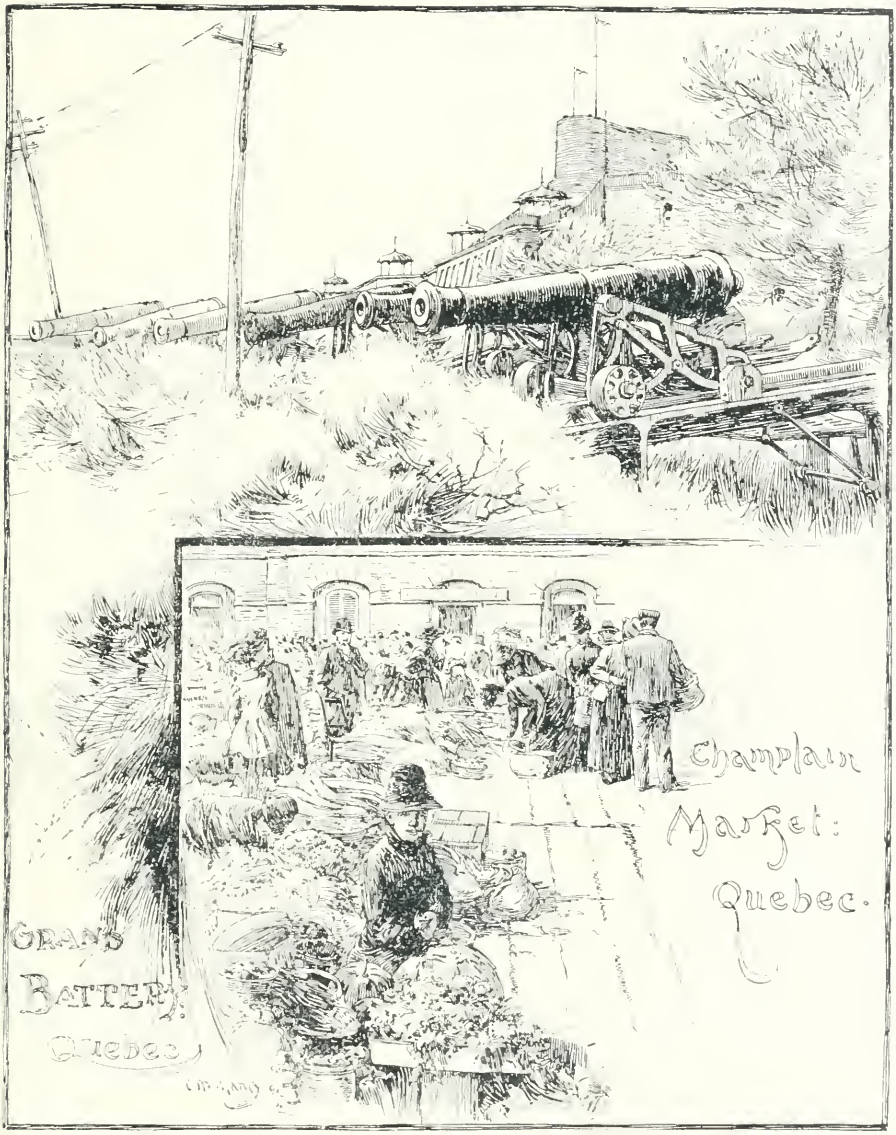
I seem to hear
a bar of music float,
And swoon into the west,
My ear can scarcely catch the whispered note,
But something in my breast
Blends with that strain, till both accord in one,
As cloud and color blend at set of sun.

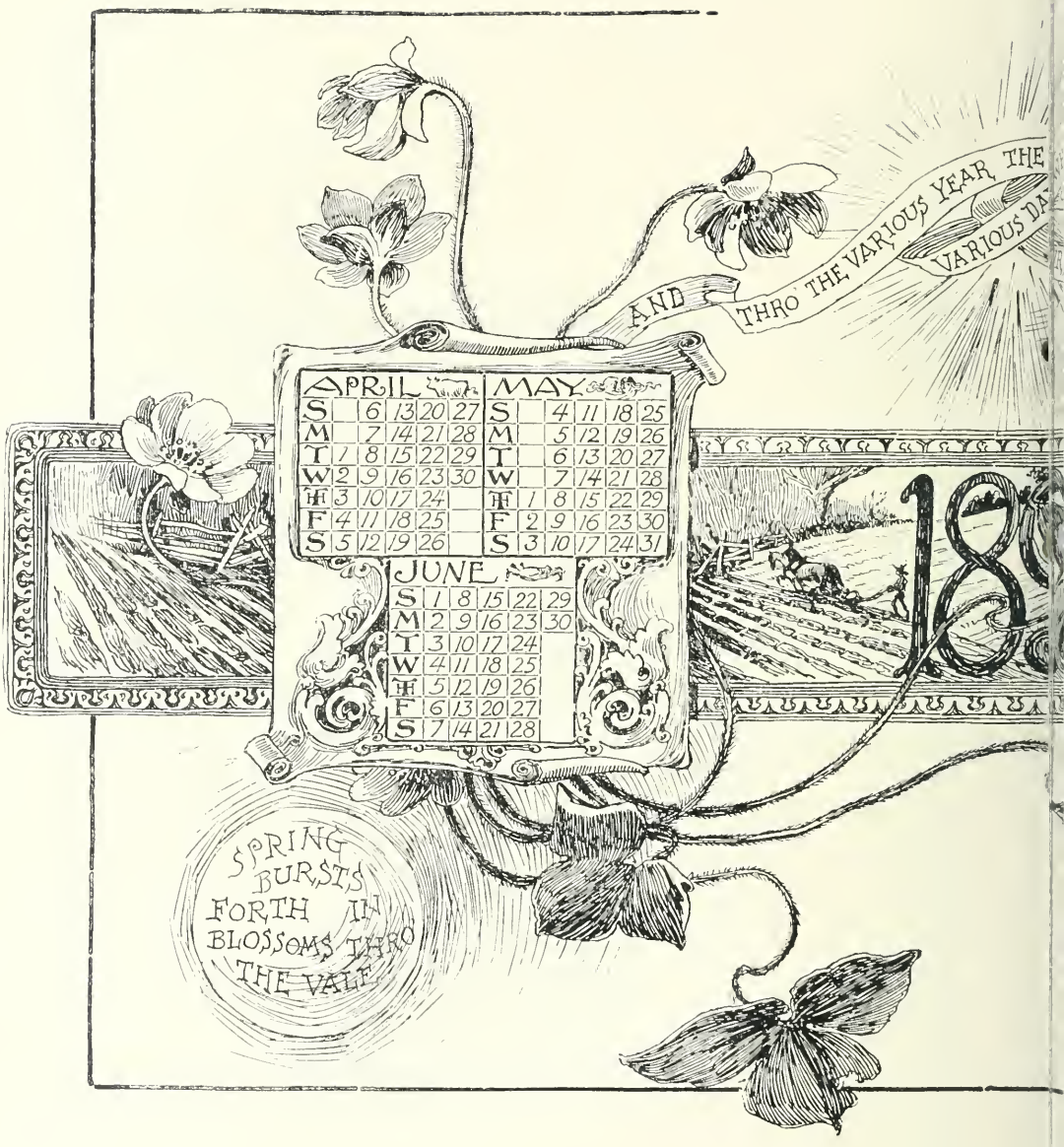
E. Pauline Johnson


SUMMER

Quebec! how regally it crowns the height
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne.

CHARLES SANGSTER.


Champlain
Market:
Quebec.
Grand
Battery
Quebec


AND THRO THE VARIOUS YEAR, THE
VARIOUS DA
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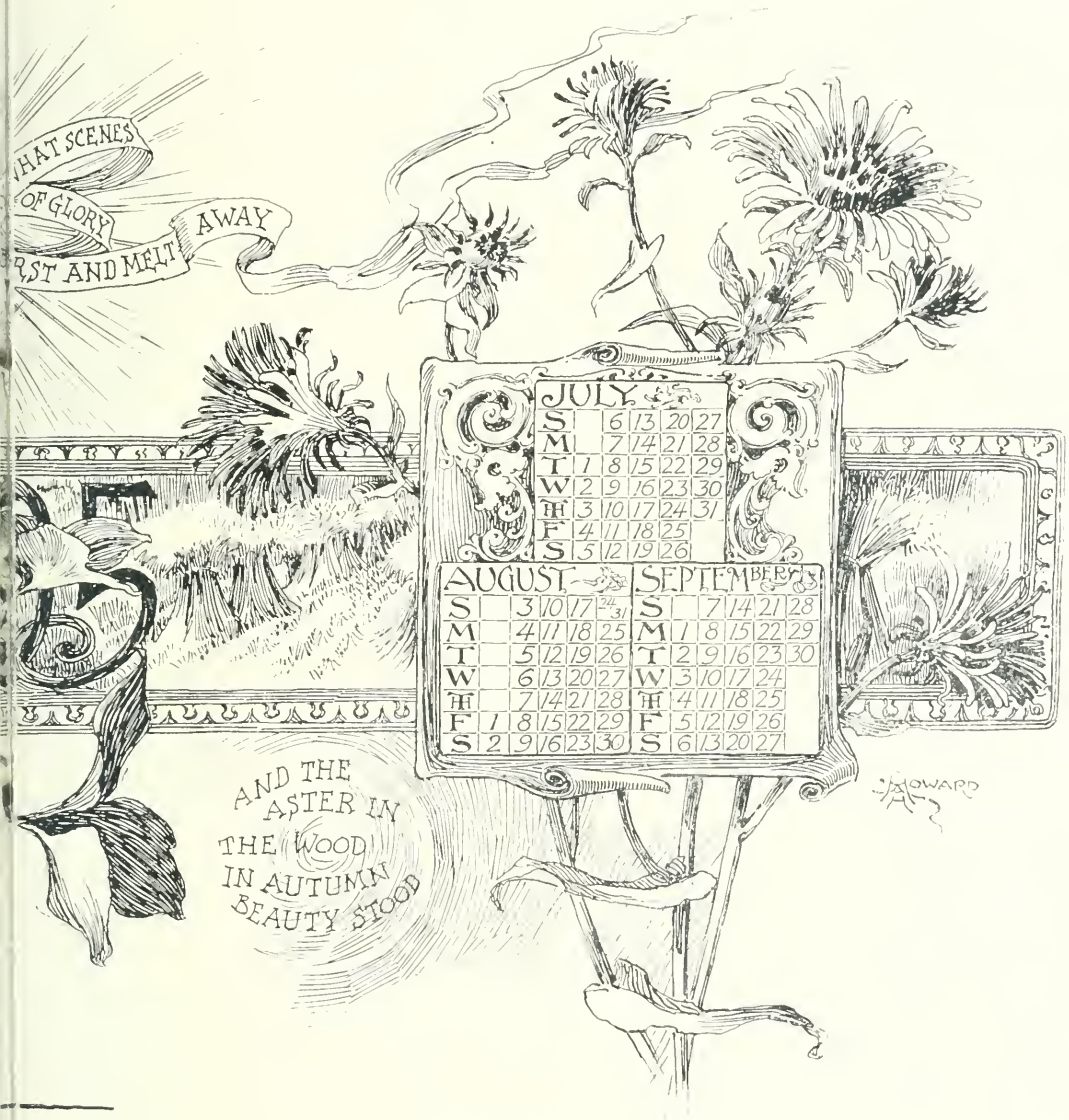
18
SPRING BURSTS FORTH IN BLOSSOMS THRO THE VALE


HAT SCENES
OF GLORY
RST AND MELT
AWAY
JULY
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AND THE
ASTER IN
THE WOOD
IN AUTUMN
BEAUTY STOOD
HOWARD

SING me a song of the toiling bees,
Of the long flight and the honey won,
Of the white hives under the apple trees
In the hazy sun.

Sing me a song of the thyme and the sage,
Of sweet marjoram in the garden grey,
Where goes my love Armitage
Pulling the summer savory.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Bright were the scenes that fancy drew,
And blithe the hours that gaily flew,
In life's gay morn, when all was new.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE

W. L. Sturr 1874

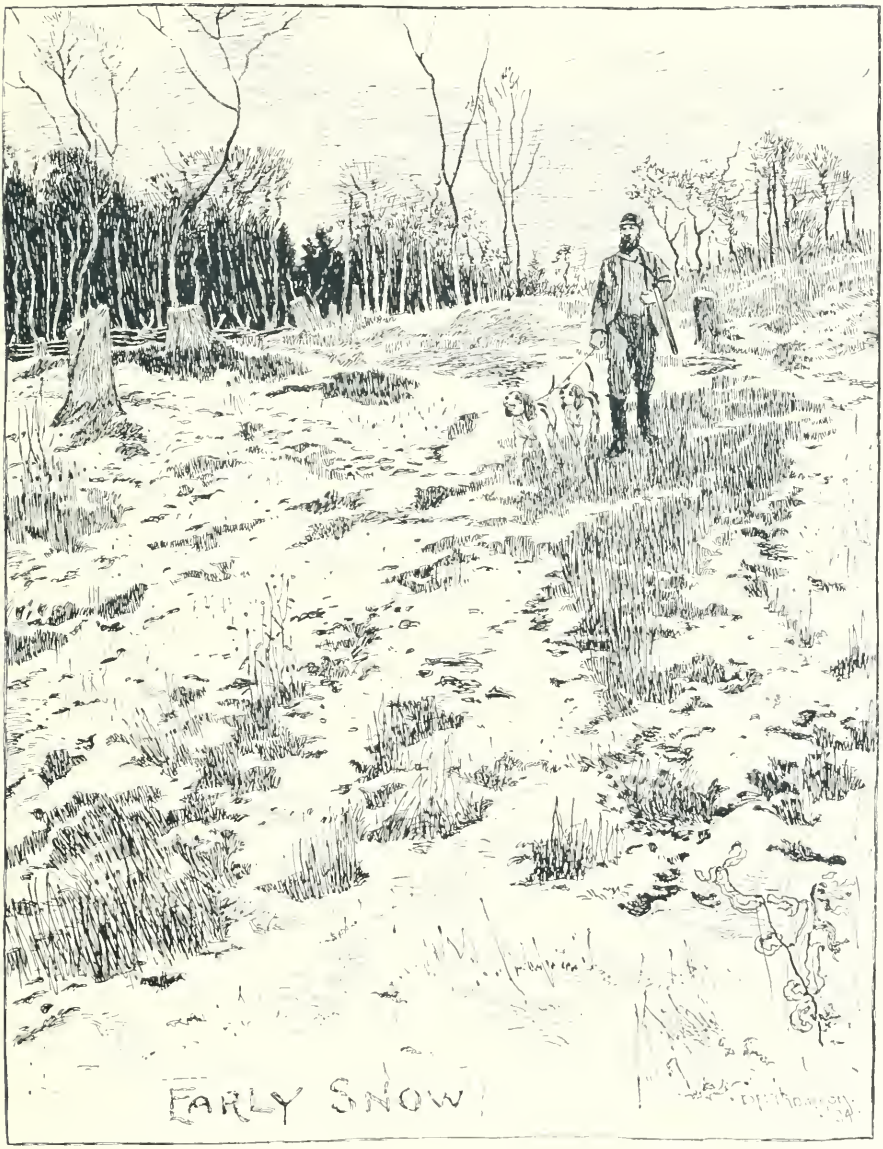
'TIS time for vagabonds to make
The nearest inn. Far on I hear
The voices of the Northern hills
Gather the vagrants of the year.

BLISS CARMAN

The world is Vagabondia
To him who is a Vagabond
J.M.F. ADAMS

THEN a light cloud rose up for hardihood,
Trailing a veil of snow that whirled and broke,
Blown softly like a shroud of steam or smoke,
Sallied across a knoll where maples stood,
Charged over broken country for a rood,
Then seeing the night withdrew his force and fled,
Leaving the ground with snowflakes thinly spread,
And traces of the skirmish in the wood.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT


EARLY SNOW

From the far-off mighty rivers,
Drifting, shifting, glad-life givers,
    Throbbing, pulsing, to the lakes;
From the far-off, blue-peaked mountains,
From the forest-girdled fountains,
    Where the sunlight leaps and shakes;
    From the spaces wild and dreary,
    From the cornlands far and near,
    Comes the Autumn's miserere,
    Comes the death-song of the year.

W. W. Campbell

OCTOBER.
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DECEMBER.
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1895
R. Weir Crouch

Engraving & Tone Etching Co.
Lithography of The Alexander Co.
Printing of The Bryant Press.

'95
DESIGNED & PUBLISHED BY THE